ULTIMATE COMICS™

THE ULTIMATES®

HICKMAN PETERSON RIBIC WHITE

ISSUE 05

MARVEL

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AN ELITE, GOVERNMENT-SPONSORED META-HUMAN TASK FORCE, THEY FACE ANY AND ALL GLOBAL THREATS. LED BY GENERAL NICK FURY, THEY ARE...

ULTIMATE COMICS

THE ULTIMATES

THE WORLD: PART ONE

With the recent appearance of two new superhuman threats to the globe—The People in the Southeast Asian Republic and the Children of Tomorrow in Europe—S.H.I.E.L.D. and the Ultimates are spread too thin.

As the Children of Tomorrow expanded their City, most of Eastern Europe was engulfed and millions were killed. S.H.I.E.L.D. tried to intervene but were easily defeated while Asgard was destroyed and Thor depowered. Thor attempted to get revenge but was beaten by the Children's leader—Reed Richards. Reed sent Thor back with a warning: accept the loss of the European territories and no further action will be taken against the rest of the world.

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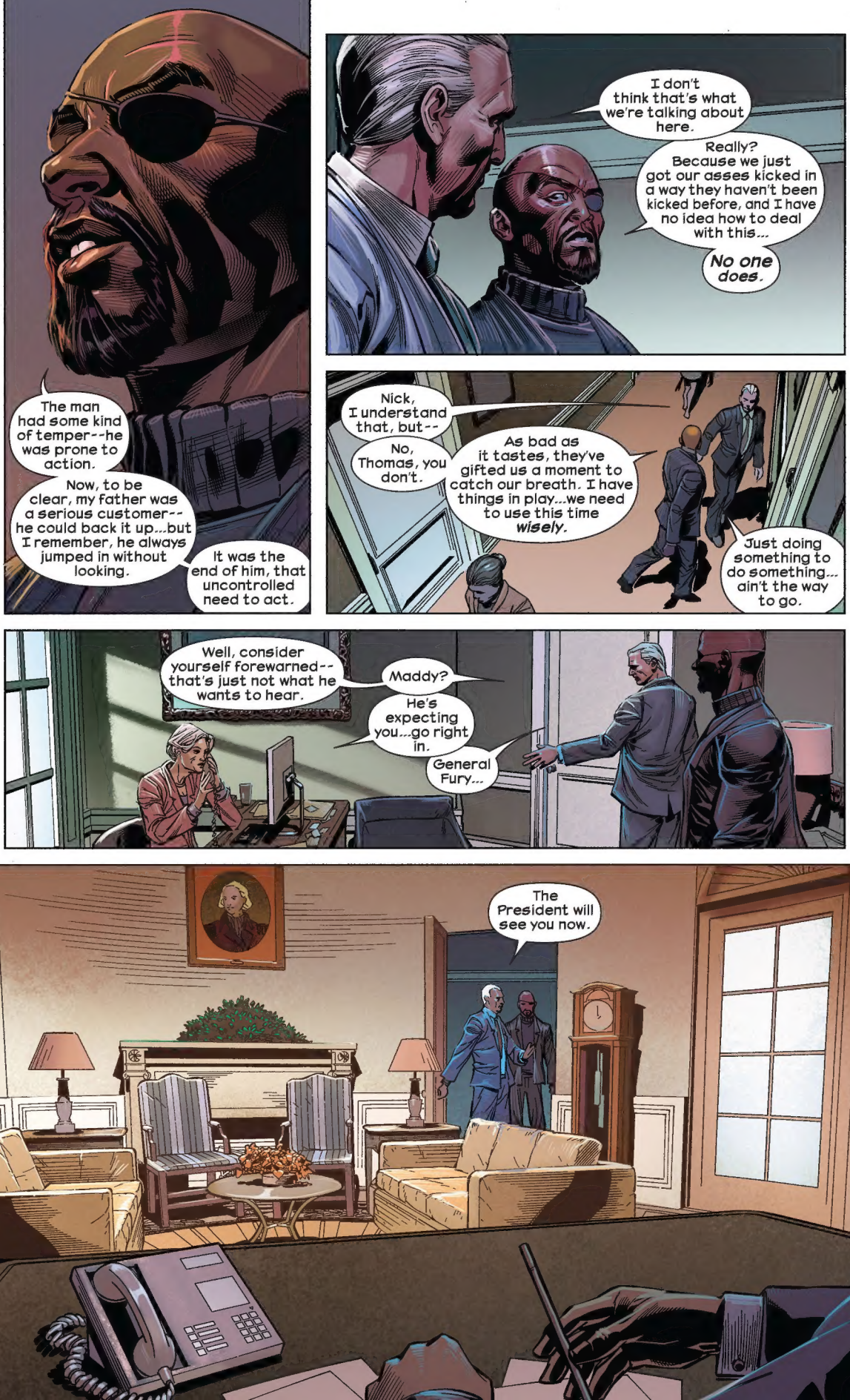
ONE WEEK LATER.
NICK FURY. THE WHITE HOUSE.
Nicholas Fury. Chief of Staff Morgan is expecting me.
Sign here and I'll call down that...
Nick!
I've got him, Wayne. Thanks.
You're five minutes late.
I had to handle an NSA brief that landed on my desk before getting on my chopper.
I'm here now.
Fair enough.
The Joint Chiefs will be meeting in an hour, but the President wanted some time before the two of you joined them.
We're swimming a bit out of our depth here.
The appropriate term is drowning, Thomas.
Just how bad are things on the civilian side?

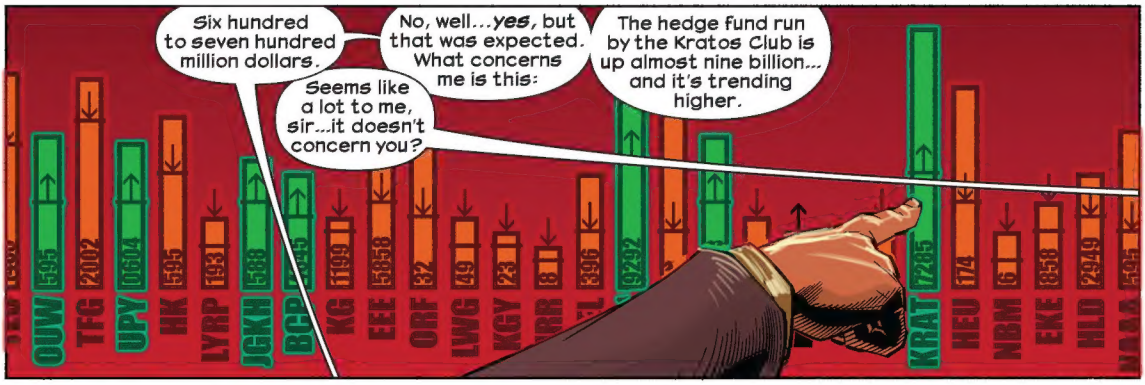
Well, the economy was already a wreck before all this. We'd suspended trading for the past week, but the markets had to reopen... so we're doing that this morning.
It's going to be ugly--probably bloody...but I'm taking some comfort in the fact that it could've been much worse.
Go on.
If this would have happened in China or in the Midwest, in a few months the world would be hopelessly broke or starving.
Hell, China seems remarkably stable considering the collapse of the SEAR--
I don't see it staying that way.
No one does, but at least it's holding for now. I suppose if we're desperately looking for a silver lining, Detroit looks poised for a serious comeback.
How so?
The Children swallowed the entirety of Deutschland...
Our German friends are now out of the car business.
...What's he looking for, Thomas?
You have to understand. Yes, this is a military issue, but with the blind media speculation, and the sheer immensity of the events of the past few weeks, the public psyche is beyond fragile.
For at least the past fifty years, we've arguably been the dominant power on this planet--last week, we woke up and we're, *at best*, third. ***We need to do something.***
The President is looking for a response, Nick.
You know...
My daddy was big on sendin' messages.


The man had some kind of temper--he was prone to action.
Now, to be clear, my father was a serious customer--he could back it up...but I remember, he always jumped in without looking.
It was the end of him, that uncontrolled need to act.
I don't think that's what we're talking about here.
Really? Because we just got our asses kicked in a way they haven't been kicked before, and I have no idea how to deal with this...
No one does.
Nick, I understand that, but--
No, Thomas, you don't.
As bad as it tastes, they've gifted us a moment to catch our breath. I have things in play...we need to use this time wisely.
Just doing something to do something... ain't the way to go.
Well, consider yourself forewarned--that's just not what he wants to hear.
Maddy?
He's expecting you...go right in.
General Fury...
The President will see you now.

TONY STARK.
TRANSATLANTIC.
Pilot says we should be on the ground in Paris in seventy minutes, Mr. Stark.
And you wanted me to tell you when the markets opened in New York.
Ah!
Well, then...
Let the bloodletting begin.
BE-DOOP

Hmmm.
Bad?
Oh, absolutely.

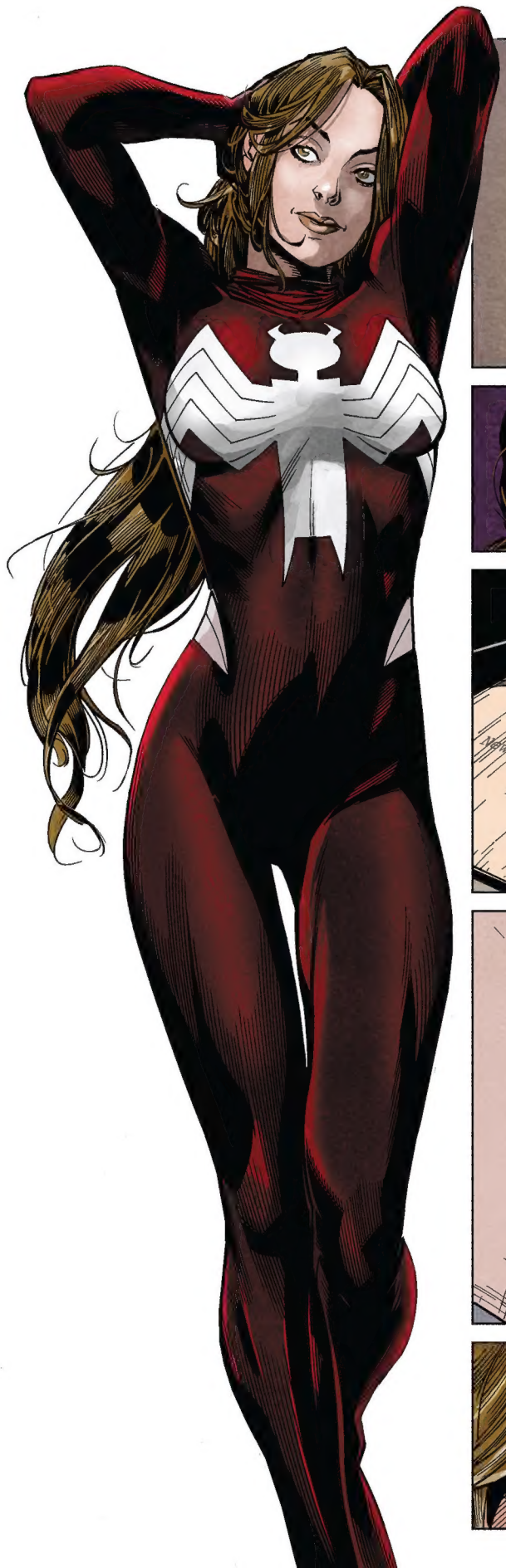
You don't seem that concerned, sir.
That's because, while it's true that the stock market is an unpredictable organism, like any other living thing, it also has *parameters* of predictable behavior.
And since we have decades of close research regarding said behavior, we can comfortably extrapolate out a range of what our losses will be today based on the market's opening in five minutes.
So how much?


Six hundred to seven hundred million dollars.
No, well...*yes*, but that was expected. What concerns me is this:
The hedge fund run by the Kratos Club is up almost nine billion... and it's trending higher.
Seems like a lot to me, sir...it doesn't concern you?
OUW 1595
TFG 2002
UPV 1604
HK 1595
LYRP 1931
JGKH 1988
BCP 1945
KG 1109
EEE 15058
ORF 32
LWG 49
KGV 23
9242
KRAT 12285
MEU 1174
NBM 6
EKE 1858
HLD 2949

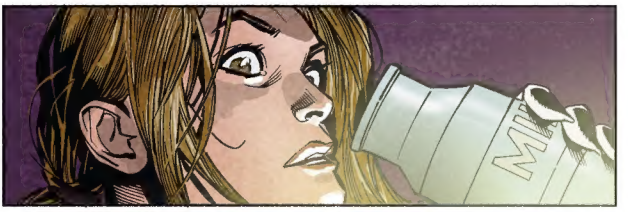
But that's you--you're in the club. Stark Industries may have lost millions, but overall you made billions.
You always win don't you, Mr. Stark?
Win?
I suppose if you define that as the Club I'm a member of using a nuclear device--made by my company--to short-sell the global markets.
But me personally?

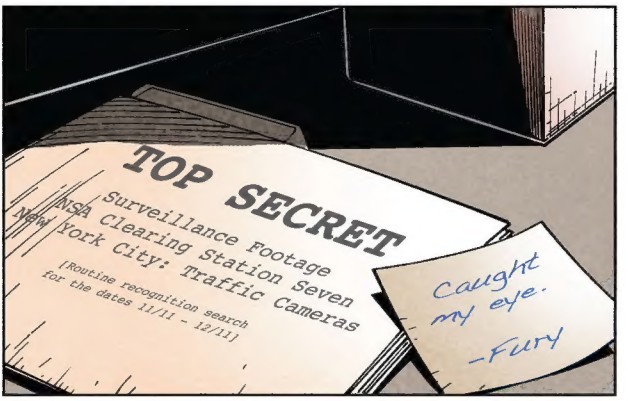
They killed hundreds of thousands of people for damned money... killed them with something I built.
Jarvis, a win is when we get to France I beat some of these people to death.

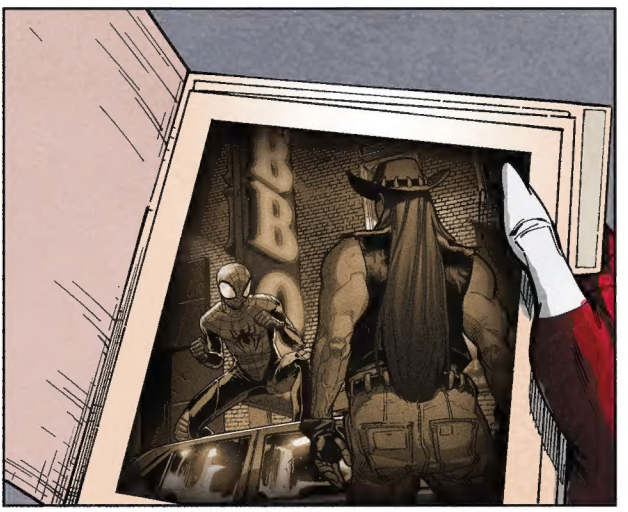
SPIDER-WOMAN.
THE TRISKELION.
BE-BOOP

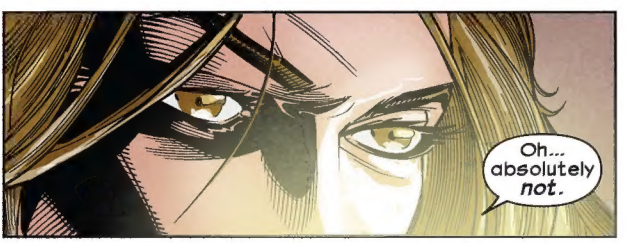


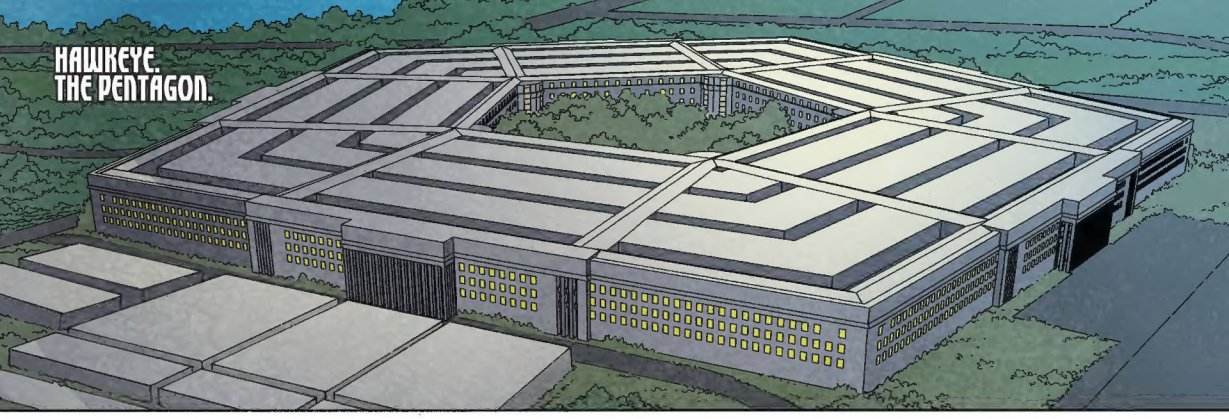
SNIFF
MILK

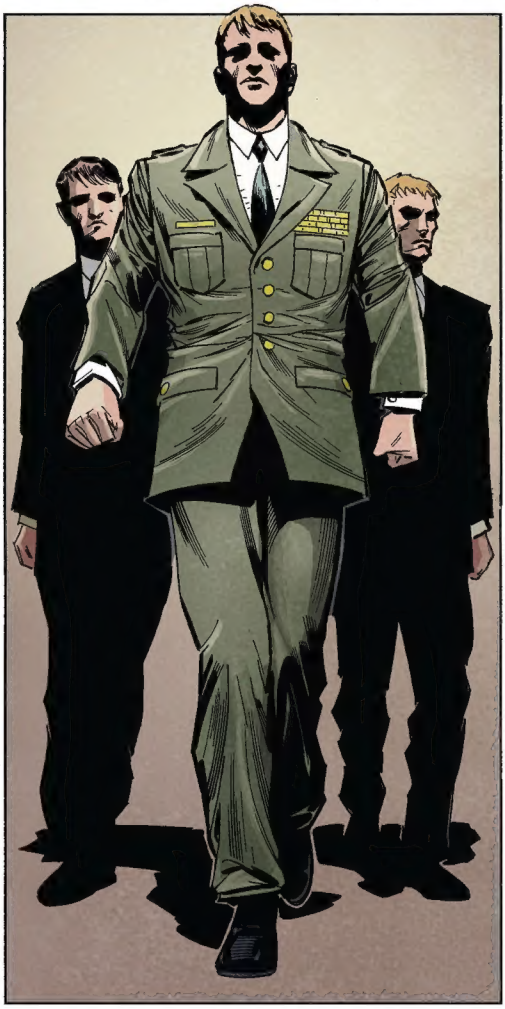

MILK


TOP SECRET
Surveillance Footage
NSA Clearing Station Seven
New York City: Traffic Cameras
[Routine recognition search
for the dates 11/11 - 12/11]
Caught my eye.
-Fury



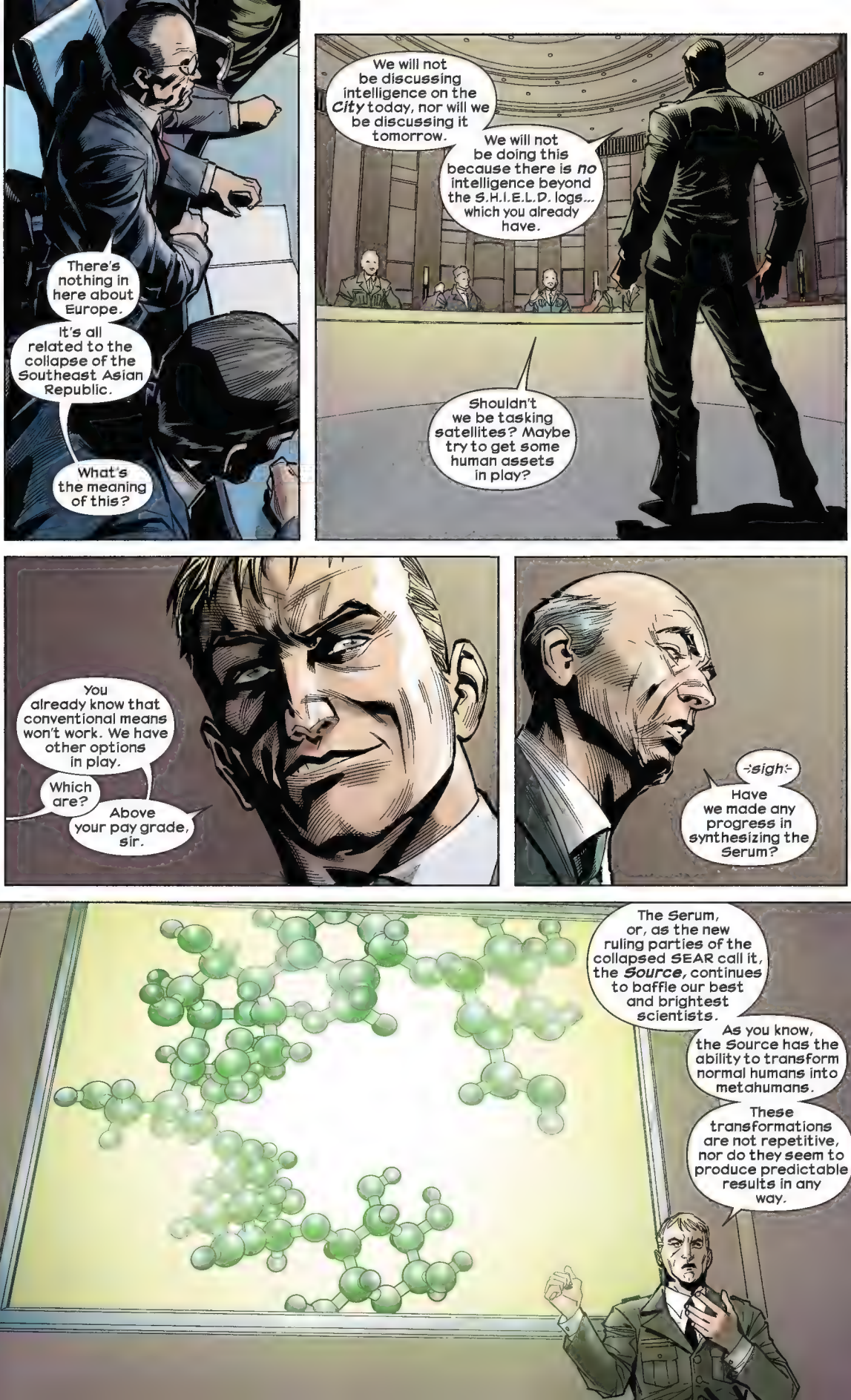

Oh... absolutely not.


HAWKEYE.
THE PENTAGON.



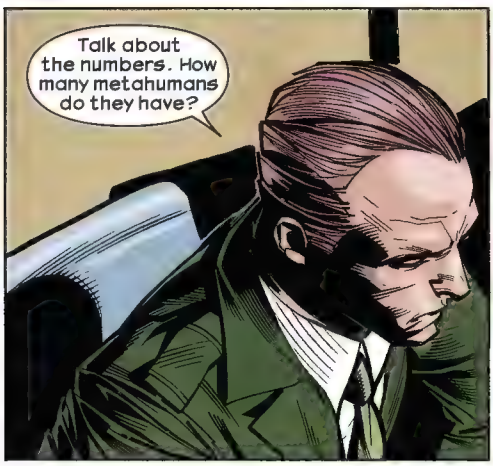
Everyone here?
Director of the FBI stepped out for a phone call, Barton.
He can catch up. Let's go.

My guys are passing out briefing documents for your edification, and it looks like I'm going to have around twenty minutes for you...the floor is yours.
Let it fly.

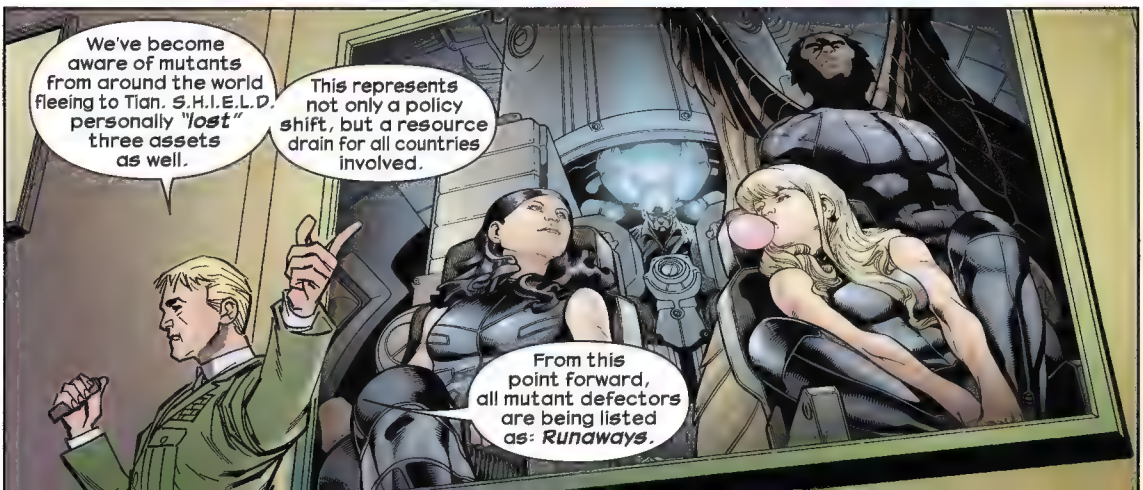

There's nothing in here about Europe.
It's all related to the collapse of the Southeast Asian Republic.
What's the meaning of this?
We will not be discussing intelligence on the City today, nor will we be discussing it tomorrow.
We will not be doing this because there is no intelligence beyond the S.H.I.E.L.D. logs... which you already have.
Shouldn't we be tasking satellites? Maybe try to get some human assets in play?
You already know that conventional means won't work. We have other options in play.
Which are?
Above your pay grade, sir.
-sigh-
Have we made any progress in synthesizing the Serum?
The Serum, or, as the new ruling parties of the collapsed SEAR call it, the Source, continues to baffle our best and brightest scientists.
As you know, the Source has the ability to transform normal humans into metahumans.
These transformations are not repetitive, nor do they seem to produce predictable results in any way.

And what do we know about the SEAR government?

While not formally recognized at this point and time, the new government is calling itself Tian.
Right now, there appears to be two factions that have aligned themselves behind one of two brothers.
The Eternals led by Kuan-Yin, and the Celestials led by Shen...
You've met them, yes?
I have. They were... impressive.

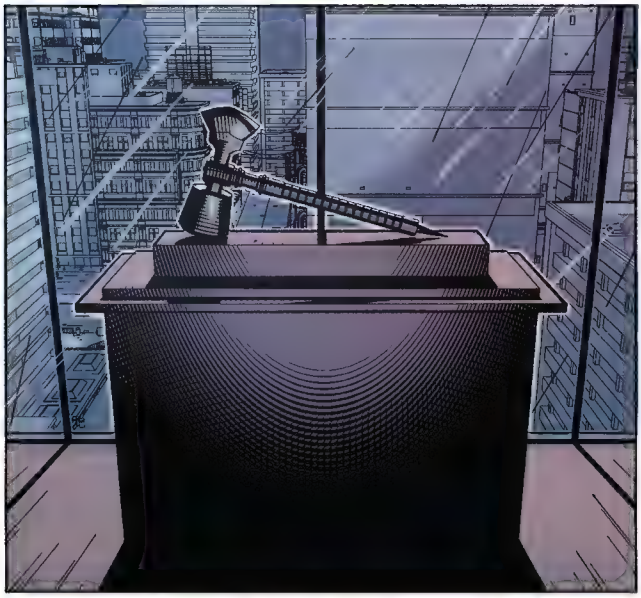

Talk about the numbers. How many metahumans do they have?

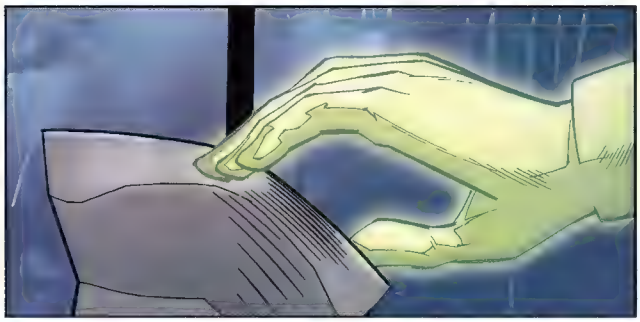
At first, the number was around one hundred thousand.
Since then, the still-human members of Tian have begun taking the Source and that number has doubled.
They're also gaining numbers from other places.

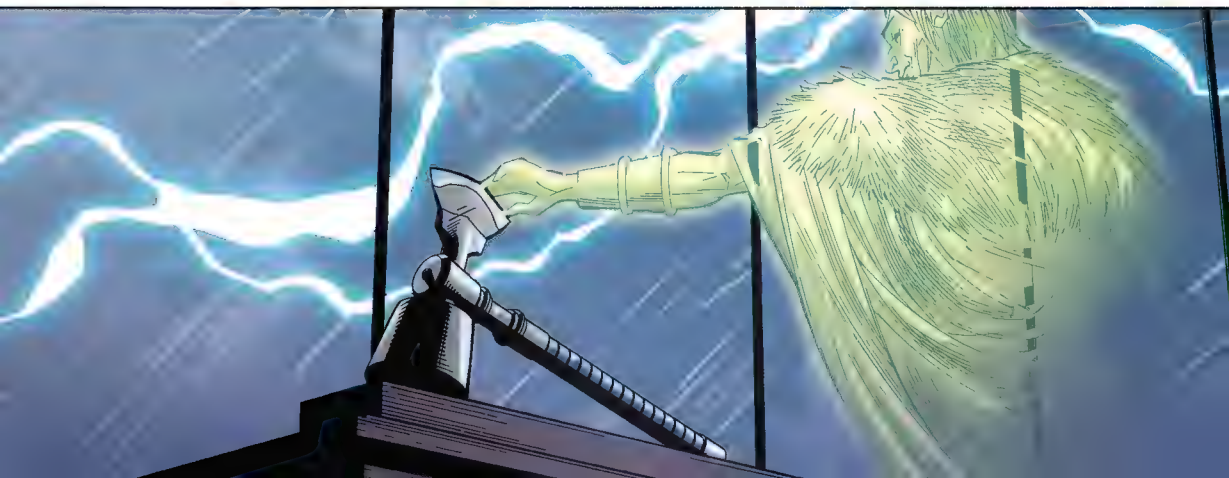

We've become aware of mutants from around the world fleeing to Tian. S.H.I.E.L.D. personally "lost" three assets as well.
This represents not only a policy shift, but a resource drain for all countries involved.
From this point forward, all mutant defectors are being listed as: Runaways.

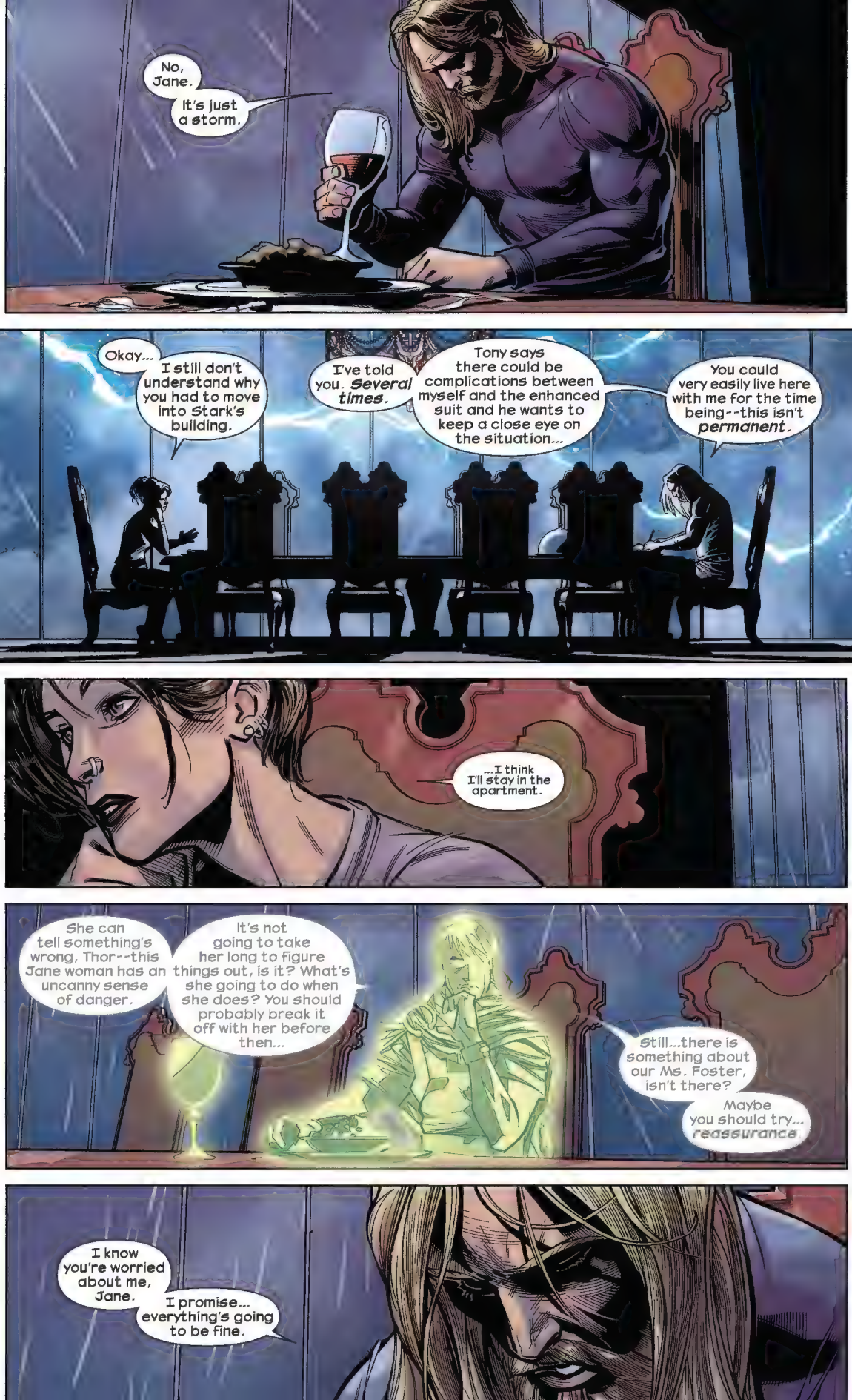
THOR.
STARK TOWER.

Is this you?








No, Jane.
It's just a storm.
Okay...
I still don't understand why you had to move into Stark's building.
I've told you. Several times.
Tony says there could be complications between myself and the enhanced suit and he wants to keep a close eye on the situation...
You could very easily live here with me for the time being--this isn't permanent.
...I think I'll stay in the apartment.
She can tell something's wrong, Thor--this Jane woman has an uncanny sense of danger.
It's not going to take her long to figure things out, is it? What's she going to do when she does? You should probably break it off with her before then...
Still...there is something about our Ms. Foster, isn't there?
Maybe you should try... reassurance
I know you're worried about me, Jane.
I promise... everything's going to be fine.

More lies aren't going to help, Thor.
Surely not. Death hangs over this world, Odinson. There will be war--glorious war--but this is a realm of too few heroes and a legion of evil men.
You will be called on. You will answer. And like us, you will, most assuredly, die.
Best to leave the girl and get on with it, no?
Aye! Look at me, brother... give me your eyes, for I have grave news.
I have farted.
HAHAHAHAHA!

THE FALCON.
ORBITAL S.H.I.E.L.D.
WEAPONS PLATFORM.
All clear, Mr. Wilson.
Ready when you are.
Drop the floor out.
"I hear you've been looking for me, Sam."

Yeah. I flew in two days ago and--
Yeah, sorry about that. We're locked down and edging towards oblivion...
There just ain't enough hours in the day, son.
No, no... I'm not complaining. The extra time helped me get my thoughts together.

"I've got something new, Nick--something I think can help."

"So, this place--the *City*--is basically a closed system.

"The files your team made available to me confirmed my suspicion, but also that it was perfectly so.

"The *City* bleeds no waste. Not biological, not chemical... not even latent heat or excess energy. We learn nothing from the outside.

"So if we're going to figure these guys out... it's going to have to be from the inside."

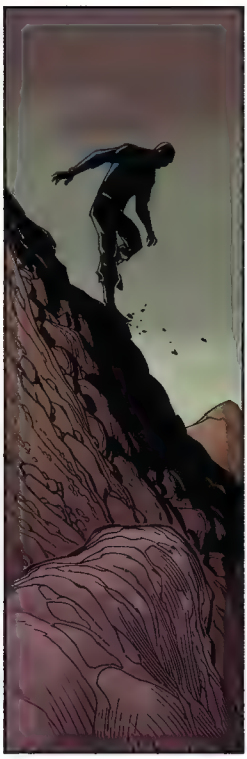
Watch this.
I don't know what I'm--
Give it a minute.
Wha--
How did...?
Frequency shift.
"Every strand of DNA contains spatial locator sequencing. Think of it as a home address--even as an anchor--for things that exist in the multiverse.
"I chemically rewrote the code to temporarily exist slightly out of phase.
"There's a problem with harmonics knocking things back into order, but that's fitting..."
I got the idea playing with an old radio.
Anyway, keep your mouth shut and there's your way in...

"All you need now is some idiot willing to do the recon."
BEEP

TAP TAP TAP
LOG: Sam Wilson.
ID: Falcon.
TIMESTAMP:
17:21 - Monday
Landing and insertion successful.
Stealth tech appears sufficient.
Proceeding deeper into the *City*.
Oh God, what the hell am I doing here?

NICK FURY.
NEW MEXICO.

Stay here.



So...what's for breakfast, soldier?
Well, for dinner I had rattlesnake. For breakfast, it looks like--
More rattlesnake.
Nice.
You know, someone should probably let you know that animal is on the endangered species list...

But then again, aren't we all?
It's good to see you, Nick. It really is...
But I'm not coming back.

You have to, Steve.
America needs its symbol...
And I need my captain.
TO BE CONTINUED...

NEXT ISSUE:

ON SALE NOW!

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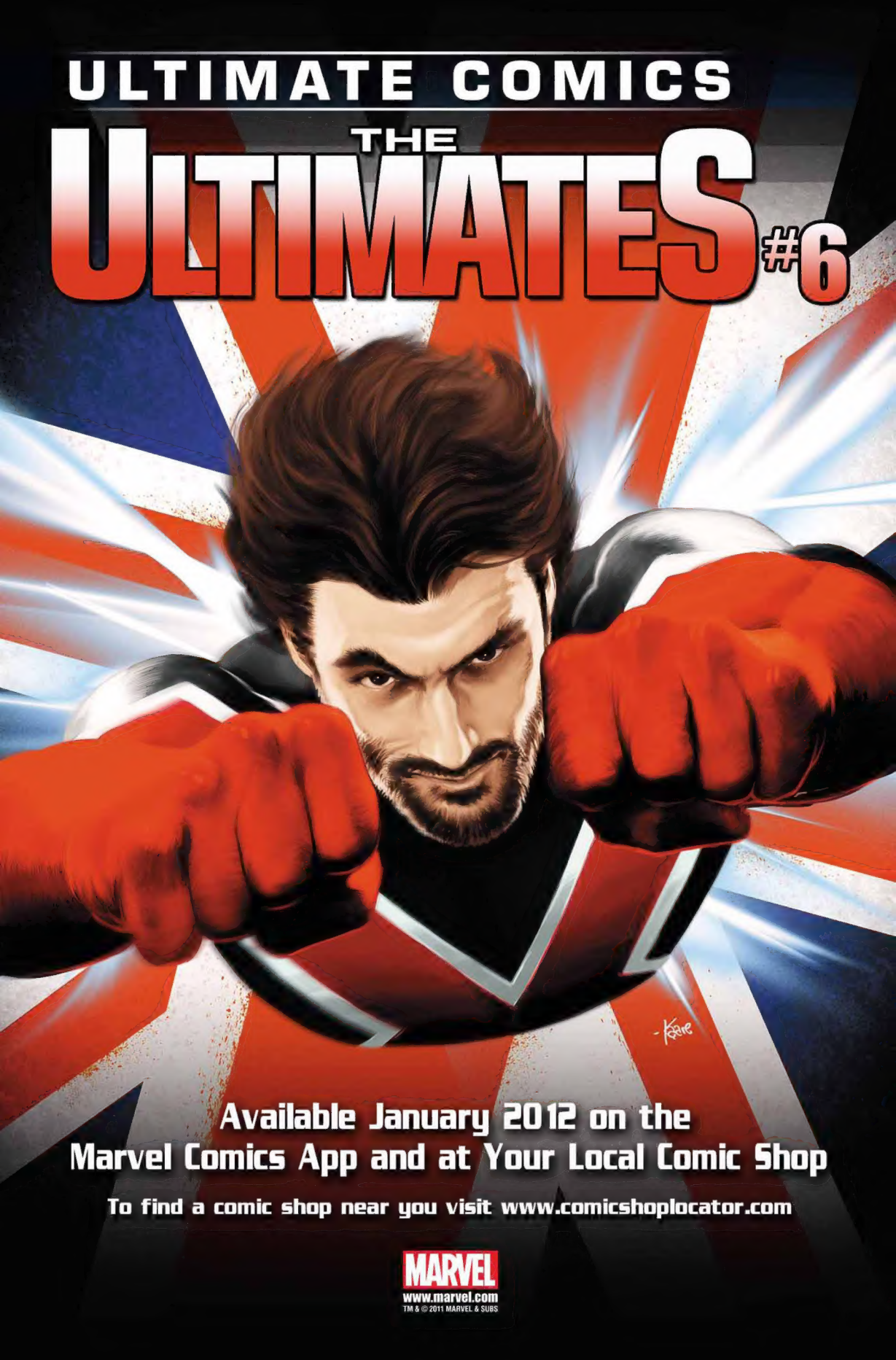
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